

DIME NOVEL ROUND-UP

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The Anatomy of Dime Novels

No. 14 West Point and Annapolis Stories

By J. Edward Leithead



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No. 14 West Point and Annapolis Stories

By J. Edward Leithead

Editor's note: During December Upton Sinclair died. Mr. Sinclair was a dime novelist for Street & Smith during the late 1890's. Mr. Leithead's article features a story written by Mr. Sinclair during this period. There is no hint in this story that he would attain fame as novelist in a short number of years. Yet he did.

When the Spanish-American War broke out, Street & Smith had published Army and Navy Weekly, a color cover weekly, from June 19, 1897 to Jan. 29, 1898. This contained stories of West Point with Mark Mallory as hero and stories of Annapolis with Clif Faraday as hero. The byline "Lt. Frederick Garrison" on the Army tales and "Ensign Clarke Fitch" on the Navy tales were noms. used by Upton Sinclair and Street & Smith's editor, Henry Harrison Lewis.

Army and Navy Weekly, after 33 issues, was changed to Half Holiday, lasting from Feb. 5, 1898 to Aug. 13, 1898, containing the adventures of Mark Mallory at West Point and Clif Faraday at Annapolis. The Spanish-American War began April 25, 1898, and Street & Smith reacted by putting Faraday into immediate action with the U. S. Navy. It is to be noted that the mysterious destruction of the U. S. battleship "Maine," while docked at Havana on a friendly mission, occurred Feb. 15, ten days after the first number of Half Holiday was published. Half Holiday ran 28 issues, and Clif Faraday had war experiences in two issues, Nos. 14 and 15, before being transferred to a new weekly, True Blue.

Two war story publications came from the House of Street & Smith within ten days of each other; On

May 4, 1898, first issue of Starry Flag Weekly, another color cover library, and on May 14, True Blue, also color cover. Starry Flag—Thrilling Stories of Our Victorious Army—bore the byline "Douglas Wells," lasted 20 issues or until Feb. 1, 1899. U. S. Marine Hal Maynard was hero.

On page 32, No. 20, is a "Notice to Starry Flag Readers: This is the last issue of this publication . . . (recommends True Blue) . . . will be issued in the form of a neat book for the pocket, beginning with No. 37, which is published Sat. Jan. 21, 1899." The first 18 numbers of Starry Flag were bylined "Douglas Wells," Nos. 19 and 20 by "Lt. Frederick Garrison"; but it has been pretty well established that Upton Sinclair authored all the Half Holiday, True Blue and Starry Flag stories, although S. & S. editor Henry Harrison Lewis began the Mark Mallory-West Point stories and the Clif Faraday-Annapolis stories in Army and Navy Weekly. The last two tales in Starry Flag are reprinted Mark Mallory stories of West Point, for in No. 19 the name "Mark" has been missed in several places in the change-over to "Hal Maynard." Brave and Bold Weekly reprinted at least one of these West Point stories in No. 195, Mark Mallory's Struggle. Another, No. 229, may have been also, because of the

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title, Cadet Clyde Connor.

In another issue of Dime Novel Roundup I excerpted from Starry Flag No. 10, *The Star of the Rough Riders*, or, Lt. Hal With Teddy's Terrors; but here, following the plan of the Anatomy Series, I've condensed No. 30 of *True Blue* (which ended with No. 50). In No. 29, Clif Faraday returned to Annapolis at the conclusion of the war with Spain—Back to Annapolis, or, *Lively Times at Home for Clif Faraday*—and No. 30, *Clif Faraday's Disappearance*, or, *The Naval Cadet's Double Championship*, picks up his life at Annapolis, with less of shot and shell than in the war, but crammed with excitement none the less; the author, Upton Sinclair:

"Halt!" said Clif Faraday.

"That gallant cadet in command, an informal scouting party from the Annapolis Naval Academy came to a quick stop. It was late in the afternoon, and although there was noticeable a certain lack of military precision in the formation of the group, its members looked serious and its leader decidedly 'official.' It consisted, besides the young hero of Sampson's invincible squadron, of five persons.

"These were: Vic Rollins, Clif's constant friend and comrade of the Navy; Nanny, smallest plebe in the Academy; Trolley, the Jap; Grate Wallace, and Pun'kin, the pet poetical representative in the fourth class from distant Iowa. They were all warm friends of Clif, his closest, in fact, at the academy. They were also friends of a missing member of their set, and for whom they were now looking.

"And hark!" ordered Clif Faraday.

"Boo-room! Ry-ry! Boo-ooo-oom! The spot where the pause had been made was a clearing about a mile from the academy. Thus far removed from the town and the campus turmoil alike, therefore, the grim sounds were particularly distinct and traceable.

"It's the foghorn," spoke Vic Rollins.

"Therefore," put in Nanny rapid-

ly, 'Fishcake!'

"'Fishcake, from Fishhill,' tallest, lankiest plebe in the academy, was the missing member of the coterie just now being sought for." Trolley says he saw Fishcake coming this way, intoxicated, in the company of three other cadets, Chauncey De Launcey, McPatrick and Kafoozelum, who are enemies of Clif and his friends.

"Can you make out where the horn blast came from, Clif?" asked Wallace.

"Yes, this way; move brisk! As we passed through gun park I saw a cadet corporal massing a squad. City-bound, they were."

"Well, we want to get Fishcake back into quarters before they strike the right trail. They're looking for him, I know."

"The coterie took a quickstep run. 'Fishcake' had been missing since morning—roll call, drill and all other duties." If found drinking or drunk, serious consequences to the absent cadet would result.

"A 'blind pig' was the designation given to places where surreptitious gambling and drinking could be indulged in. There were several of them in the vicinity—not opened up particularly to catch academy trade, they were patronized by workmen, farmers, residents of the neighborhood who did not care to go as far as the city for their liquor supplies.

"The trade was not lucrative enough to admit of the expense of a regular liquor license, and the incipient 'moonshiners' generally made their sales secondary to some regular occupation. Some smart students had fancied it jolly to steal over the academy wall and patronize these places and several had been called to time and closed up by the commandant. . . This new one Clif's crowd had heard about a day or two before. The place was a small farm, with a dilapidated mansion near the road, backing on a hilly waste that ran squarely to the river. It had quite extensive barns and to the front of one of these all eyes were now directed.

"Its door was open. Inside were three persons, laughing and clapping their hands. Outside on a barrel was the missing Fishcake. He had a fog-horn in his hand, and he was 'making a speech.' Every time some silly oratorical effort drew encouraging applause from the trio just visible through the window, Fishcake would solemnly pause to blow a blast on the trumpet.

"Hello," challenged Clif, advancing.

"The orator on the barrel looked a little taken aback.

"How's this, Fishcake?" demanded Clif gravely.

"Those three fellows inside have been trying to prime and pump me."

"What for?"

"You've interrupted before I've found out."

"Oh, but your condition?" challenged Clif.

"Hard cider!" Fishcake said this quite loud . . . apparently for the benefit of auditors inside.

"Fishcake gave Clif an unmistakable wink. 'Take charge of this man,' spoke Clif to his cohorts, and the group opened to enclose the culprit like a fence.

"Clif glided to the open window looking into the barn. Fishcake's 'condition' was not so equivocal as it had seemed on the surface; but Fishcake's whispered revelation had, all the same, shown dastardly motive or intent on the part of his three companions. It nettled Clif to find them hustled out of view in some mysterious way.

"The room before him, where two kegs and a dozen bottles showed, was vacant, and he was robbed of the opportunity to give Chauncey De Launcey and his crowd a warm tongue-lashing. Fire in his eye, however, Faraday marched up to the apparent guardian of the place. He was an enormous, flat-headed bumpkin of a fellow, and he filled the doorway, his arms akimbo.

"Audaciously he grinned at Clif as the latter approached, with a leering blink of his fishy eyes—a covert in-

itation to 'have something' if he was so inclined. Clif faced him like a major-general at the door of a fort. Ruffled, indignant at the opportunity presented to even tough students to be 'smart on the sly,' Clif drew out his memorandum book and a pencil, and gave the fellow a stare that would have iced a person of less blunt sensibilities.

"I want your name," said Faraday.

"The big moon face lost a few of its wrinkles of sly cunning.

"Dew?"

"I do."

"Tew what puppos?"

"For the purpose of reporting you to the authorities"

"Uh-huh!" growled the hulking rustic 'Well, I don't see any particular peculiar reasons why I shouldn't give it tew you. Jabez Prescott. S'pose—'

"There will be no supposing about what we're going to do!" interrupted Faraday.

"No, now?"

"If the police don't shut you up—"

"Go on, play soldier!" the bumpkin dawled tauntingly.

"We will come down and clean you out ourselves!"

"Prescott swung his big fists like clubs, but Clif's steady eye cowed him. 'You'll get peppered if yew do!' he flared.

"Well, mimicked Clif, 'let me say tew yew that we don't care a sou, and—whew!'

"Clif Faraday, half turning away, sprang face about squarely with a shock. His eyes became riveted on a neat little brooch enclosing the face of Admiral Sampson. To Clif there was only one such in the world, because he had noticed it heretofore on the 'one and only.'

"In other words, this country bumpkin had pinned to his coat lapel an ornament, the rightful property of Bessie Stuart, the heroine nurse of the Navy. Clif even remembered it in its accustomed place under Bessie's dainty chin the afternoon previous, when he and Vic had taken her

and Tess Herndon—whose guest Bessie was—for a row on the placid Severn.

"Where did you get that?" flared Clif, growing two inches taller.

"What?" demanded the bumpkin.

"That brooch!"

"The fellow changed color. He spluttered, spread his sprawling hand on the ornament, as if that would hide it, and stammered out:

"Found it."

"The pin is bent, shows it was wrrenched forcibly from place—"

"Clif's heart took alarm as he recalled something Bessie had incidentally mentioned at their last meeting. She was a devoted botanist and had told of some pretty flowers she had found in the woods near the academy: how she hoped with one or two more excursions to fill out her collection. What if Bessie had been botanizing that afternoon, and what if this loud-mouthed gawk had met and robbed her."

This was how Jabez Prescott had come to possess the brooch, and after more verbal give-and-take Clif starts punching. Jabez punches back Faraday finds the fellow can hit, and can take punishment, too. Bessie arrives on the scene after Clif has knocked Jabez down twice. Faraday makes Jabez return the brooch and apologize, then escorts Bessie down the road toward home, as she has something to tell him. Faraday tells Vic and the others with Fishcake to go on to the academy, he'll be along later.

"Vic Rollins nodded.

"Now, then, Bessie," said Clif as they went down the road.

"The girl who had filled so great a part of Clif's life in the recent Cuban campaign spoke very earnestly." She tells Clif that when Jabez snatched her brooch and she, far from frightened, started after him, a feeble voice called from the bushes, advising her not to chase Jabez, as he would surely kill her.

"Who was it?" Faraday asked.

"A poor little crippel fellow, not ten years old, so ragged and wretched

and abused that I—"

"Sympathetic Bessie showed what she had done by doing it now, and Clif's fist clenched and unclenched automatically as he saw her lovely eyes fill with tears.

"The little fellow, it seems, is a cousin to this monster, who, with his father rents the place we just left."

"His name is Jabez Prescott," said Clif.

"So the little fellow told me. He was black and blue from whippings this Jabez had given him."

"Why?"

"Why else than because he is a natural brute! The boy says that he is alone in the world except for an insane father. Their name is Lane."

"Is his father with the Prescotts, too?"

"Yes; but I want you to see the boy. I have a purpose in your doing so!"

"Faraday was not averse, as she led him finally to a leafy covert, where sat hidden the boy she had described. His pale face wore that softened expression that goes most with souls used to suffering and patience. He could not walk, it seemed, without the aid of a cane, and starvation and abuse had so weakened him that he could scarcely do even this just now.

"To Clif he repeated the brief, pathetic story he had previously narrated to Bessie. His father, about a month since, had left their home, a hundred miles distant, and had come to his brother-in-law, Jabez Prescott's father. Before going crazy he was supposed to have considerable means, but the same had mysteriously disappeared.

"The Prescotts took him in—seemed very solicitous for his welfare—but housed him somewhere out of his son's sight or reach. For a week the boy had not seen his parent, and during that week Jabez had persecuted him bitterly." It is evident the Prescotts would like to be rid of the boy.

Bessie says, "I shall take the boy with me to Mrs. Herndon's and pro-

wide for his comfort. It's his father I'm thinking about.'

"You mean, Bessie?"

"Find out what has become of Mr. Lane."

The three conspirators who are enemies of Faraday and his crowd at the academy—Chauncey De Launcey, McFatricks and Kafoozelum—left the Prescott barn and took council with each other at an "old wreck of a summer house nearby." They suspect that Fishcake was merely pretending to be drunk to draw them out and discover what they were up to regarding Faraday. Along comes Jabez after the beating up Clif gave him, and they decide to enlist his aid when they hear what happened. But they warn Jabez (uselessly it proves), "Faraday is a cadet and so are we. There's a limit to working mischief with a fellow cadet. What we want is simple. He's lorded it over us, set us down, so to speak. We're smarting."

They offer him ten dollars for the job of humiliating Clif Faraday and Jabez accepts. "Whatever Jabez held back in his mind of later personal spite work, he agreed with alacrity to the proposition just made.

"I'll dew it!" roared Jabez. 'First I'll get him boozy. Inside of twenty-four hours I'll dew it.' The offer was boosted to twenty dollars.

"The precious trio reached the academy and showed themselves as airily as if there was not a ripple on the surface of their cast-iron consciences. Kafoozelum agreed to keep tab on the movements of the enemy and scout for points." He discovers that Clif Faraday is going back to the blind pig—in disguise. "'You remember when we had the play Faraday took the part of a tramp.' There was a double nod of comprehension. 'He's going to put on the same tigs, and play and pump Jabez for whatever he's after.'

The conspirators get word to Jabez Prescott that he can expect a "tramp" visitor . . . Kafoozelum carries the message.

"Clif Faraday, made up splendidly as the conventional hobo, left the vi-

cinity of the academy about an hour after Kafoozelum had sped on his mission of intrigue and secrecy. The naval cadet had several hours to spare and he had decided to improve them in accordance with impulsive Bessie Stuart's suggestion.

"In a way Clif was on the track of something more than the father of the persecuted little cripple, and the establishment of the rights or at least the correct status of the latter. He had more reason than ever now to surmise that the De Launcey mob was desirous of 'downing' him. In fact, Fishcake had told him what he knew.

"There never was, and never will be a crowd of students in any school whatsoever but that some bright and particular star will shine forth as hero and leader. Clif's Cuban career had made him immensely popular: Chauncey had been outgeneraled on the shooting range, at the foils, in the gymnasium, and now he aimed to play some trick on Clif that would make him look cheap, and lead to defection from his ranks.

"As there was every indication that the trio was in close cahoots with Jabez, Clif estimated that, in trying to find out the rights and wrongs of the half-orphan cripple boy, he might incidentally probe for an understanding of what Chauncey's crowd was really up to.

"There was just one way to find out what had become of the lad's parent—to visit the place where he was last known to be housed, the home of Jabez and his father. There was just one way to visit it, by appearing as a customer of the 'blind pig' in the barn—in disguise, of course.

"Clif reached the barn that had so recently been the scene of Fishcake's capture, Bessie's dramatic appearance, the downfall of the stalwart Jabez. To his satisfaction he observed a wagon hitched outside, and he sidled through the open doorway, the perfection of an expert tramp scenting a 'life saver' . . . he wasn't particularly regarded by the denizens of

the place. These were five husky farm hands, who were making themselves busy in the vicinity of some kegs and bottles set down in a dry trough.

"Jabez pretended to pay but little attention to them, but he had his thumbs stuck in the arm-holes of his vest, smirking and blinking craftily as he remarked:

"We don't sell nothing here—we give our friends what they want. See? At the same time he winked benevolently, as one of the drinkers openly slipped a coin under the bottom of a tin measure. Then he made out Clif, advanced, frowned, gloated, turned around to compose his face and then confronted the intruder quite crustily. 'What yew want?'

"Cider mill?" beamed Clif from behind the bushy beard that concealed his natural face in a tone, he counted, his best friend would not have identified — a hoarse guttural, suggestive of airy hay mows and draughty police stations.

"Who be yew" pestered Jabez, rallying from the shock of so prompt an appearance on the part of the one he had just been warned against.

"The inspector," grinned Faraday.

"So? Well, yew ought to know the ropes."

"Thank'ee!" As Clif slid from the barrel a silver quarter slipped from his hand, which Jabez promptly picked up and pocketed."

Prescott apparently gets Faraday drunk, and Clif only grunts and grumbles as Jabez paws him over, removing his disguise, beard and all.

"Oh, but I've got him!" crowed Jabez. 'If it wasn't their turn first—'

"The ecstatic Jabez hauled off and made fearful mock lunges at his enemy. 'Got to save him for them others first. My turn will come later on, shore.'

"A voice called from the outside, gruff and commanding.

"That you, dad?" answered Jabez.

"It's me," said his invisible father.

"What you want?"

"Come out here and see."

"Jabez started from the barn. Clif arose on one elbow. In a strained lis-

tening attitude he attempted to catch every word of the resumed conversation.

"Drat it!" uttered the elder Prescott. 'More eggs.'

"More!" Jabez said in a surprised tone. 'For Uncle Lane! Why, he's had eight dozen since yesterday. Dad, he's getting expensive.'

"That's so—but when he pans out!"

"You're right, you're right," Jabez quickly agreed.

"Clif Faraday was intensely interested by the brief scrap of conversation relating to Lane and the eggs. Lane was the man he had come to seek out, but what in the world was he wanting of eight dozen eggs a day? Next he heard Jabez relating in detail his latest 'speculation'—he was earning twenty dollars by 'salt-ing' a student and delivering him in the vicinity of the academy 'to make a fool of himself.' The father evidently approved the side chance to earn a royal fee, as evidenced by the numerous chuckles over his son's smartness.

"Suddenly, however, he checked these with a sharp addendum:

"See here, Jabez, that's all right, but what brought the fellow here in disguise?"

"That's so," maundered Jabez.

"Didn't your academy friends say so—something he wanted to find out? You don't suppose he's nosing around about our pussional affairs, do yew?"

"Why, dad," exclaimed Jabez, 'if I thought that, I'd—'

"There was a pause. Clif waited for the next words. These fellows had some secret they cherished from outsiders.

"Jabez, the critter's fooling yew!" There was an open slot of a window behind Clif, looking in from the outside. It took only a glance for Prescott to comprehend Faraday was feigning drunkenness, really playing eavesdropper.

"The critter's listening!" roared Jabez's father. The elder disappeared from the window, father and son came plunging through the barn door.

"Cliff braced cool and tranquil. 'Get

back!" he said promptly.

"Either blinded with excitement Jabez did not see the neat little revolver Clif had drawn and extended, or nerved by his potatoes he was reckless of consequences. With a great roar and with both hands reaching Jabez made a jump for a pile of garden and barn tools heaped in a corner. Both hands filled, he made a rush for Faraday.

"The fellow was positively murderous. Clif had either to fire or retreat; because he was merciful, he decided upon the latter maneuver. A pitchfork coming at him crowded Clif to the plank limit. Tang! Squarely imprisoning one arm, and but for a nimble dodge, Clif would have received the shap pointed tines in his chest. The pitchfork was driven through his coat sleeve and fully two inches into the plank behind.

"Drop that—mind this!" shouted Jabez, a monster of iniquity in his murderous mood.

"Clif neither dropped the revolver nor minded the wildly-waved sickle. Bulking his energies, he drove the pitchfork straight out from its hold, and Jabez stumbled to his knees. But he was up again as Clif sped for the doorway.

"A fine brood, truly!" thought the naval cadet, for the way was blocked by the father, an ave in his hand.

"Put after him!" yelled the old man. 'He can get out that way!'

"Clif had turned to run toward where a boarded alley connected two of the barns.

"He won't!" vociferated Jabez, hot on his heels. The fellow was a good runner. Swish, swoop, dangerously near to Clif's head came Jabez's remaining weapon, the sickle. The indignant Faraday came very nearly turning and peppering his pursuer. He would soon be outside, however, then he could make a stand and cool down these hot-blooded villains.

"Now, then," panted Jabez, 'take that!'

"Ker-flop! Clif went flat. His senses were knocked awry, as if a pile-driver had struck him squarely on

the head. What had really happened the naval cadet learned, but not till several minutes later, and then in a painful position of captivity.

"Some way Jabez's long reach had driven the sickle against the rope tied to an enormous bag of sand; the release weight for a large grain bin. The bag dropped directly on top of Clif.

"Sore headed and chagrined, he lay on the loft floor, whither he had been carried, but as helpless as if fettered by manacles. There was a big knot-hole in the floor. Through this one arm had been forced while he was insensible. It just about filled the aperture. Below, a rope was affixed to the wrist and run thence to a bone grinder and tied. No one was in view about the loft, but below voices sounded—those of the Prescotts, father and son.

"Clif edged his gaze down as best he might. The elder Prescott was making sure that the end of the rope was tightly fastened to the heavy machine.

"Safe and economical!" he remarked. 'You're going up to the skule?'

"Tew the academy. I got something tew ask them three fellows and money to collect. That fellow upstairs heard us talk about Lane and the eggs. That's considerable to find out, even if he knew nothing before. I'm going to do some hot work before dark. The rights of this matter has got to be found out!"

"I'm worried myself."

"Yew keep cool, dad. I'll manage it."

"Jabez dons the tramp rig and false whiskers. 'The disguise could not make him look any tougher than he really was.' He drank so much while putting on make-up that his father warned, 'Go slow, Jabez, you're filling up pretty free.'

"I need all the courage I can get dad."

"He started forth quite unsteady and zigzag . . . About an hour after Jabez had started on his eventful journey, Kafoozelum burst in upon his two cronies in the dormitory.

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NEWS NOTE FROM THE UNIVERSITY OF MISSOURI

THE BOBBSEY TWINS, THE AIR-
PLANE BOYS, THE SIX LITTLE
BUNKERS, AND ALL THAT

"What's the matter, Tom? You look rather blue!"

"Blue! Say, Ned, I'd turn red, green, yellow, or any other color of the rainbow if I thought it would help matters now."

Tom Swift was in trouble, but as his faithful readers know no problem is too big for Tom. He would have the solution or know the reason why. Over the years, and often in spite of librarians, Tom Swift and other juvenile series heroes have been read and enjoyed by countless young people. The addict will only be satisfied when he has finished every title available on his particular favorite, and the extreme addict will often go back and reread old favorites many times.

Many of the children's series have become almost classic and therefore worthy of study by those interested in reading habits. The University Library has recently started to collect examples of popular children's books of this type, especially those dating from the early part of the century. A recent gift from May Lou Chamier Dorrell and Richard Chamier brought in "Uncle Sam's Boys in the Philippines" (1912) "Tom Swift and His Aerial Warship" (1915), "The Boy Chums in the Florida Jungle" (1915), and a dozen others. Because these books represent an important segment of children's reading and because they are in excellent physical condition (unusual in this kind of book) the library is pleased to have them. More recent examples of juveniles such as the "big-little" books of the 1930's and 1940's will also find a place in this collection.

The gathering of popular children's books is a logical extension of our early textbook collection. Together these will form an accurate picture of young peoples reading both for pleasure and for study. Members of

the Friends are encouraged to suggest titles for this new collection or to furnish examples directly to the library. All such gifts will be carefully handled and given the protection of our Special Materials area.

—D. C. Dickinson

EXCERPTS FROM LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Dear Sirs,

Thanks for yet another of the Dime Novel Round-up issues, a worthy and worth-while effort, as must be any production of this sort which appeals on both sides of the Atlantic. Penny Bloods never of course had the phenomenal success (and sales) on this side of the Atlantic, as with you—but we boys of the first decade of this century somehow got hold of copies of Sexton Blake and Buffalo Bill and Claude Duval—and I got the hiding of my life, when a highly colored effort entitled "The Chief Torturer" was found underneath my pillow during bed-making operations—a sad oversight of mine; I did not so much object to the tanning, as to the confiscation of the precious item, but half read at that particular point. And I never thought, that at ten times seven years, I would still be dipping into a form of literature which still excites passionate interest at both ends of the time scale, humanly speaking.

So, good luck to your effort, and may it long continue to annotate the bibliography of an age which is dead but simply won't lie down.

—Edward Hall, Gravesend, Kent,
England.

Dear Mr. LeBlanc:

I continue to enjoy the ROUND-UP, the only magazine of its kind. I continually see some reference to old friends, the indomitable heroes of the nickel novels (these I remember were in slightly-smaller-than-tabloid format and sold for half a dime) I knew as a boy in Monkey Nest Mining Camp near Moberly. My parents sternly disapproved of such reading fare, and I have to laugh now when

recalling how absolutely spotless from a moral standpoint were the heroines and heroes we met then.—Jack Conroy, Moberly, Mo.

Boys covers from your editor's collection.

RECENTLY PUBLISHED ARTICLES CONCERNING DIME NOVELS

MIRROR-RECORDER, Stamford, N. Y. Wednesday, May 29, 1968. Price 10c. STAMFORD'S FAMOUS SON, THE GREAT RASCAL, NED BUNTLINE, Anonymous. A short biography of Ned Buntline and his association with Stamford, New York, together with a picture of gravesite. (Sent in by Edwin Sommers.)

AMERICAN BOOK COLLECTOR, 1822 School St., Chicago, Ill. 60657. Vol. XIX, No. 4, December 1968. \$1.00. THE OUTLAWS RODE HARD IN DIME NOVEL DAYS, by J. Edward Leithead. An excellent article by the Round-up's ace writer. Illustrated by photos of Jesse James and Dalton

DIME NOVEL COLLECTOR'S BOOK SHELF

THE FABULOUS CENTURY VOLUME I, 1900-1910, by The Editors of Time-Life Books. Time-Life Books, New York. Contains a 4-page section titled "The Ten-Cent Heroes" which gives a brief vignette of dime novels including a full page illustration of Tip Top No. 269 and a short excerpt. Included are illustrations of 12 colored cover dime novels of the 1900's.

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